
The Mysteries
and other poems
Moe Shapiro

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by

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THE MYSTERIES

Filled with the sight he went searching.
Believing in excitement and pious Antichrist,
he sought confirmation.
He walked each path, but on stones.
He dared to dream the Lord's City.
He entered in astonishment where bakers pronounce the Suffering One.

Northward was full of thundering.
He came south to the Great Island of the dark burning.
There Life's God laid a silver sea.
There, on a Hill, he dug the miracle Body.

He is the One, and also the Paul,
who was another Joseph, another baptized by holy Ananias.
The ruby and Him are all, they have that stream of precious books,
that fine gentle grace.
We are red, surpassing wonders of books and gemstones.
Above these wretched rubies of malady, all is clear.

The mysteries descend to the Host,
"Twelve has significance to Twelve."

The Faith world shall have faith in stones.
Its subject is fallen in excessive approach,
and compelled to bewilderment.

A Miner went into the City of Death,
beyond the Goddess of Dreadful Things,
and there He told Man's story
Where celebrants protect the sacred wall,
He sang.

SUMERIAN DREAM

comprehend:

Eridu the sweet was a master long ago
in the city which itself was sweet lagoon-god Ea

he had those Eridu days, those year-long days,
and his magic thrust deep
however, doom sent in a different dragon
his burning body, his sword, a different poison now

so Ea battled it to the bosom
till the dragon expired

THE MYTH OF APOLLO

His being is devouring tongue
His clouds are thick burning breath
His lips are gods of Sodom mystery,
    images of world terror,
    a heavy weight of broken heads

THE MYTH OF ATHENA

Pallas, bright stars at her shoulders,
and cheeks with imagined lustre of almost clasping her feet
Furor trails wherever she hides
Her armies, innumerable Caesars,
and the whole earth carries her spears

MOON IN SAGITTARIUS

flaming wet water, hot emotions
all over my insides

an ache to shoot rainbows at pigeons
and drown in mist

IT IS THE ME IN me

I am going by where I am going
in my enchanted robe
the serpent way and me
who put the name of Mother to it

TO THE BIRDS OF AUTUMN

where is a well for me to drink from,
as clouds & fragments prepare my death?
there's grandeur in vein & leaf
the mice aloud
such small rustling

to respect confusion
we must allow awareness
to roar in it
a lion's fearless proclamation roar

so the soul
receives knowledge
while science
receives a rising cauldron
hidden by thick vapors

I LIKE RAIN

The search for realisation is empty
Let the final suffering be
The givens are all one

SUBCONSCIOUS METAL REFORGED

Abhor the metal of practice, of ego-combination laws.
Process from relaxation, but permit operation of thinking,
or mechanical is the prayer topic.
Carefully, the wish has died,
passing over windows, a thing-balloon from wholly.

What is, advises you: Training From The Law, Advice About Wilt Do.
Already, questions proverb: Is mind that emotion in a proclamation,
as meditation, as workable state?

Respect to be is regressive,
as chaotic as smelling the fearless roar situation.

MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

don't end

when you

into that

don't be fr

everythi

Chariot